

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

PARIS, (ME.) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 1, 1824.

No. 22.

FROM "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE."

BLIND ALLAN.

ALLAN BRUCE and FANNY RABURN were in no respect remarkable among the simple inhabitants of the village in which they were born. They both bore a fair reputation in the parish, and they were both beloved by their own friends and relations. He was sober, honest, active and industrious—exemplary in the common duties of private life—possessed of the humble virtues becoming his humble condition, and unshamed by any of those gross vices that sometimes deform the character of the poor. She was modest, good tempered, contented and religious—and much is contained in these four words. Beauty she was not thought to possess—nor did she attract attention; but whatever charm resides in pure health, innocence of heart, and simplicity of manners, that belonged to Fanny Raburn, while there was nothing either about her face or figure to prevent her seeming even beautiful in the eyes of a lover.

These two humble and happy persons were betrothed in marriage. Their affection had insensibly grown without any courtship, for they had lived daily in each other's sight; and, undisturbed by jealousy or rivalry, by agitating hopes or depressing fears, their hearts had been tenderly united long before their troth was solemnly pledged; and they now looked forward with a calm and rational satisfaction to the happy years, which they humbly hoped might be stored up for them by a bountiful Providence. Their love was without romance, but it was warm, tender, and true; they were prepared by its strength to make any sacrifice for each other's sakes; and, had death taken away either of them before the wedding-day, the survivor might not perhaps have been clamorous in grief, or visited the grave of the departed with nightly lamentations, but not the less would that grief have been sincere, and not the less faithful would memory have been to all the images of the past.

Their marriage day was fixed—and Allan Bruce had rented a small cottage, with a garden sloping down to the stream that cheered his native village. Thither, in about two months, he was to take his sweet and affectionate Fanny—she was to work with her needle as before—and he in the fields. No change was to take place in their lives, but a change from contentment to happiness; and if God prolonged to them the possession of health, and blessed them with children, they feared not to bring them decently up, and to afford sunshine and shelter to the living flowers that might come to gladden their house. Such thoughts visited the souls of the lovers, and they were becoming dearer and dearer to one another every hour that brought them closer to their marriage day.

At this time Allan began to feel a slight dimness in his sight, of which he did not take much notice, attributing it to some indisposition, brought on by the severity of his winter's work. For he had toiled late and early, during all weathers, and at every kind of labor, to gain a sum sufficient to furnish respectably his lowly dwelling, and also to array his sweet bride in wedding clothes of which she should not need to be ashamed.—The dimness, however, each succeeding day, darkened and deepened, till even his Fanny's face was indistinctly discerned by him, and he lost altogether the smile which never failed to brighten it whenever he appeared.—Then he became sad and dispirited, for the fear of blindness fell upon him, and he thought of his steps being led in his helplessness by the hand of a child. He prayed to God to avert this calamity from him; but if not, to bestow upon him the virtue of resignation. He thought of the different blind men whom he had known, and as far as he knew they all seemed happy. That belief pacified his soul, when it was about to give way to a passionate despair; and every morning at sunrise when the fast advancing verdure of spring seemed more dim and glimmering before his eyes, he felt his soul more and more resigned to that final extinction of the day's blessed light, which he knew must be his doom before the earth was covered with the flowers and fragrance of June.

It was as he had feared: and Allan Bruce was now stone blind. Fanny's voice had always been sweet to his ear, and now it was sweet still when he heard in the darkness. Sweet had been the kisses which breathed from Fanny's lips, while his eyes delighted in rosy freshness. But sweeter were they now when they touched his eyelids, and he felt upon his cheeks her fast trickling tears. She visited him in his father's house, and led him with her gently guiding hands into the adjacent fields, and down along the stream which he said he liked to hear murmuring by; and then they talked together about themselves, and on their knees prayed to God to counsel them what to do in their distress.

These meetings were always happy meetings to them both, notwithstanding the many mournful thoughts with which they were necessarily attended; but to Allan Bruce they yielded a support that did not forsake him in his hours of uncompanied darkness. His love which had formerly been joyful in the warmth of youth, and in the near prospect of enjoyment, was now chastened by the sad sense of his unfortunate condition, and rendered thereby a deep and devout emotion which had

its comfort in its own unwitnessed privacy and imperishable truth. The tones of Fanny's voice were with him on his midnight bed, when his affliction was like to overcome his fortitude; and to know that he was still tenderly beloved by that gentle and innocent friend, was a thought that gave light to darkness, and suffered sleep to fall balmily on lids that shut up eyes already dark as in profoundest slumber. The meek fold of her pitying embrace was with him in the vague uncertainty of his dreams; and often he saw faces in his sleep beaming consolation upon him, that always assumed at last Fanny's features, and as they grew more distinct, brightened up into a perfect likeness of his own faithful and disinterested maiden. He lay down with her image, because it was in his evening prayers; he rose up with her image, or it came gliding in upon him, as he knelt down at his bed side in the warm beams of the unseen morning light.

Allan and Fanny were children of poor parents; and when he became blind, they, indeed all their friends and relations, set their faces against this marriage. This they did in kindness to them both, for prudence is one of the best virtues of the poor, and to indulge even the holiest affections of our nature, seems to them to be sinful, if an infliction from God's hand intimates that such union would lead to sorrow and distress. The same thoughts had taken possession of Allan's own soul; and loving Fanny Raburn, with a perfect affection, why should he wish her, in the bright and sunny days of youthful prime, to become chained to a blind Man's steps, kept in constant poverty and drudgery for his sake, and imprisoned in a lonesome hut, during the freedom of her age, and the joyfulness of nature ringing over the earth? "It has pleased God," said the Blind Man to himself, "that our marriage should not be. Let Fanny, if she chooses, some time or other, marry another, and be happy." And as the thought arose he felt the bitterness of the cup, and wished that he might soon be in his grave. * * * * *

Fanny Raburn had always been a dutiful child, and she listened to the arguments of her parents with a heavy but composed heart.—She was willing to obey them in all things in which it was her duty to obey—but here she knew not what was her duty. To give up Allan Bruce was a thought far worse to her than to give up life. It was to suffer her heartstrings to be hourly torn up by the roots. If the two were willing to be married, why should any one else interfere? If God had stricken Allan with blindness after their marriage, would any one have counselled her to leave him? Or pitied her because she had to live with her own blind husband? Or would the fear of poverty have benumbed her feelings? Or rather would it not have given new alacrity to her hands, and new courage to her heart? So she resolved meekly and calmly, to tell Allan that she would be his wife, and that she believed that such was, in spite of this infliction, the will of God.

Allan Bruce did not absent himself, in his blindness, from the House of God. One Sabbath, after divine service, Fanny went up to him in the church-yard, and putting her arm in his, they walked away together, seemingly as cheerful as the rest of the congregation, only with somewhat slower and more cautious steps. They proceeded along the quiet meadow fields by the banks of the stream, and then across the smooth green brases, till they gently descended into a holm, and sat down together in a little green bower, which a few hazels, mingling with one tall weeping birch, had of themselves framed; a place where they had often met before. Allan was blind, and where they had first spoken of a wedded life. Fanny could have almost wept to see the earth, and the sky, and the whole day, so beautiful, now that Allan's eyes were dark; but he whispered to her, that the smell of the budding trees, and of the primroses that he knew were near his feet, was pleasant indeed, and that the singing of the little birds made his heart dance within him—so Fanny sat beside her blind lover in serene happiness, and felt strengthened in her conviction that it was her duty to become his wife.

"Allan—I love you so entirely—that to see you happy is all that I desire on earth.—Till God made you blind—Allan—I knew not how my soul could be knit unto yours. To sit with you on my work—to lead you out thus on pleasant Sabbaths—to take care that your feet do not stumble—and that nothing shall ever offer violence to your face—to suffer no solitude to surround you—but that you may know, in your darkness, that mine eyes which God still permits to see, are always upon you—for these ends, Allan, will I marry thee, my beloved—thou must not say nay—for God would not forgive me if I became not thy wife." And Fanny fell upon his neck and wept.

There was something in the quiet tone of her voice—something in the meek fold of her embrace—something in the long weeping kiss that she kept breathing tenderly over his brow and eyes—that justified to the Blind Man, his marriage with such a woman. "Let us be married, Fanny, on the day fixed before I lost my sight. Till now I knew not fully either your heart or my own—now I fear nothing—Would—my best friend—I could but see thy

sweet face for one single moment now—but that can never be!"—All things are possible to God—and although to human skill your case is hopeless—it is not utterly so to my heart—yet if ever it becomes so, Allan, then will I love thee better even than I do now, if indeed my heart can contain more affection than that with which it now overflows."

Allan Bruce and Fanny Raburn were married. And although there was felt, by the most careless heart, to be something sad and solemn in such nuptials, yet Allan made his marriage day one of sober cheerfulness in his native village. Fanny wore her white ribbands in the very way that used to be pleasant to Allan's eyes; and blind as he now was, these eyes kindled with a joyful smile, when he turned the clear sightless orbs towards his bride, he saw her within his soul arrayed in the simple white dress; which he heard all about him saying, so well became her sweet looks. Her relations and his own partook of the marriage feast in their cottage—there was the sound of music and dancing feet on the little green plat at the foot of the garden, by the river's side—the bride's youngest sister, who was henceforth to be an inmate in the house, remained when the party went away in the quiet of the evening—and peace, contentment, and love, folded their wings together over that humble dwelling.

From that day Allan and his wife were perfectly happy—and they could not help wondering at their former fears. There was, at once, a general determination formed all over the parish to do them every benefit.—Fanny, who had always been distinguished for her skill and fancy as a seamstress, became now quite the fashionable dress-maker of the village, and had more employment offered than she could accept. So that her industry alone was more than sufficient for all their present wants. But Allan tho' blind, was not idle. He immediately began to instruct himself in various departments of a blind man's work. A loom was purchased; and in a few weeks he was heard singing to the sound of his fly-shuttle as merrily as the bull-finch in the cage that hung at the low window of his room. He was not long in finding out the way of plaiting rush-rugs and wicker-baskets—the figures of all of which were soon, as it were, visible through his very fingers; and before six months were over, Allan Bruce and his wife were said to be getting rich, and a warm blessing broke from every heart upon them, and their virtuous and unreeling industry.

Allan had always been fond of music, and his voice was the finest tenor in all the kirk. So he began in the evenings of winter to teach a school for sacred music—and thus every hour was turned to account. Allan repined not now—nay at times he felt as if his blindness were a blessing—for it forced him to trust to his own soul—to turn for comfort to the best and purest human affections—and to see God always. Whatever misgivings of mind Allan Bruce might have experienced—whatever faintings and sicknights and deadly swoons of despair might have overcome his heart—it was not long before he was a freedman from all their slavery. He was not immured, like many as worthy as he in an Asylum; he was not an incubiter upon a poor father, sitting idle and in the way of others, beside an ill-fed fire, and a scanty board; he was not forced to pace step by step along the lamp lighted streets and squares of a city, forcing out beautiful music to gain a few pieces of coin from passers by, entranced for a moment by sweet sounds plaintive or joyous; he was not a boy-led beggar along the high way under the sickening sunshine or the chilling sleet, with an abject hat abjectly protruded with cold heart for colder charity; but he was, although he humbly felt and acknowledged that he was in nothing more worthy than these, a man loaded with many blessings, warmed by a constant ingle, laughed round by a flock of joyful children, love-lighted by a wife who was to him at once music and radiance—while his house stood in the middle of a village of which all the inhabitants were his friends, and of all whose hands the knock was known when it touched his door, and of all whose voices the tone was felt when it kindly accosted him in the wood, in the field, in the garden, by the river's side, by the hospitable board of a neighbor, or in the church-yard assemblage before entering into the house of God.

Thus did years pass along. Children were born to them—lived—were healthy—and well behaved. A blessing rested upon them and all that belonged to them, and the name of "Blind Allan" carried with it far and near an authority that could belong only to virtue, piety, and faith tried by affliction, and found to stand fast. Ten years ago, when they married, Allan Bruce and Fanny Raburn were among the poorest of the poor, and had it pleased God to send sickness among them, hard had been their lot. But now they lived in a better house—with a larger garden—and a few fields, with two cows of their own—Allan had workmen under him, a basket maker now on a considerable scale—and his wife had her apprentices too, the best dress-makers in all the country round. They were rich. Their children were at school—and all things, belonging both to outer and inner life, had prospered to their heart's desire.

Allan could walk about many familiar places unattended; but that seldom happened, for while his children were at school he was engaged in his business; and when they came home, there was always a loving contest among them who should be allowed to take hold of their father's hand when he went out on his evening walk. Well did he know the tread of each loving creature's footstep—their very breath when their voices were silent. One touch of a head as it danced past him, or remained motionless by his side—one pressure of an arm upon his knee—one laugh from a corner, was enough to tell him which of his children was there; and in their most confused noise and merriment, his ear would have known if one romping imp had been away. So perfectly accustomed had he long been to his situation, that it might almost be said that he was unconscious of being blind, or that he had forgotten that his eyes once saw. Long had Allan Bruce indeed been the happiest of the blind.

It chanced at this time, that, among a party who were visiting his straw manufactory, there was a surgeon celebrated for his skill in operations upon the eye, who expressed an opinion that Allan's sight might be at least partially restored, and offered not only to perform the operation, but if Allan would reside for some weeks in Edinburg, to see him every day, till it was known whether his case was or was not a hopeless one. Allan's circumstances were now such as to make a few weeks, or even months confinement of no importance to him; and although he said to his wife that he was averse to submit to an operation that might disturb the long formed quiet and contentment of his mind by hopes never to be realized, yet those hopes of once more seeing Heaven's dear light, gradually removed all repugnance. His eyes were caressed, and when the bandages were removed, and the soft broken light let in upon him, Allan Bruce was no longer among the number of the blind.

There was no uncontrollable burst of joy in the soul of Allan Bruce when once more a communication was opened between it and the visible world. For he had learned lessons of humility and temperance in all his emotions during ten years of blindness, in which the hope of light was too faint to deserve the name. He was almost afraid to believe that his sight was restored. Grateful to him was its first uncertain glimmer, as a draught of water to a wretch in a crowded dungeon. But he knew not whether it was to ripen into the perfect day, or gradually to fade back again into the depth of his former darkness.

But when his Fanny—she on whom he had so loved to look when she was a maiden in her teens, and who would not forsake him in the first misery of that great affliction, but had been overjoyed to link the sweet freedom of her prime to one sitting in perpetual dark—when she, now a staid and lovely matron, stood before him with a face pale in bliss, and all drenched in the flood-like tears of an unsupportable happiness—then truly did he feel what a heaven it was to see! And as he took her to his heart, he gently bent back her head, that he might devour with his eyes that benign beauty which had for so many years smiled upon him unheeded, and which now that he had seen once, he felt that he could even at that very moment die in peace.

In came with soft steps, one after another, his five loving children, that for the first time they might be seen by their Father. The girls advanced timidly, with blushing cheeks and bright shining hair, while the boys went boldly up to his side, and the eldest, looking in his face, exclaimed with a shout of joy, "Our Father sees!—Our Father Sees!"—and then checking his rapture, burst into tears. Many a vision had Allan Bruce framed to himself of the face and figure of one and all of his children. One he had been told, was like himself—another the image of its mother—and Lucy, he understood, was a blended likeness of them. But now he looked upon them with the confused and bewildered joy of paternal love, seeking to know and distinguish in the light the separate objects towards whom it yearned; and not till they spoke did he know their Christian names. But soon, did the sweet faces of all his children seem, to his eyes, to answer well, each in its different loveliness, to the expression of the voices so long familiar to his heart.

By the following anecdote, preserved by Cicero, as an instance at once of wit in repartee, and of just moral censure, it appears that the genteel practice so prevalent in our time, of *not being at home* to those we do not desire to see, also prevailed in the latter and corrupt days of the Roman republic; and that it was not, as with us, confined to the ladies.

When Nacissa called at the house of the poet Ennius, he was told by the maid at the door, that he was gone abroad. Nacissa was sensible that the other was at home, but that he had given the maid orders to deny him, and a few days after when Ennius came to his gate, Nacissa himself called out to him that he was not at home: "What?" said Ennius, "do not you know your own voice?" "Art thou not a very impudent fellow?" said the other; "when your maid told me that you were not at home, I believed her; but you will not believe that I am not at home, though I tell you so myself."

The present King of Persia made many inquiries of Sir H. H. Jones respecting America, saying, "What sort of a place is it? How do you get at it? Is it over ground, or how?"

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 1, 1824.

The electors of President and Vice President meet this day throughout the U. States, to cast their votes. But it is yet impossible for us to say who will be the "next President."— We give below the list of electors, as far as received, and the calculations on the votes that they will give—but the result may be widely different from what is anticipated. We think, however, that there is no probability of a choice by the electoral colleges—and when once the candidates are sent into the House of Representatives, there will no doubt be a very sharp contest between the particular partisans of the respective competitors. How it will terminate is altogether uncertain.—It must be acknowledged on all hands that there have been many wild calculations, with respect to it—and it is rather doubtful whether Congress will be enabled immediately to put a stop to the schemes of the pretended prophets. As for ourselves, we dare not do any thing more than once more guess at the result: and even in this, we think it best to reserve the privilege of guessing again, if we "don't hit this time."— It now seems that Mr. Adams and General Jackson will be the two highest candidates to go into the House; who will be the third, it is impossible for us to conjecture. It will not be long, however, before we shall have the result of the votes given by the electors—which, our readers may be assured, we shall spare no pains to lay before them as soon as received.

The electors in our State are,
 At large.....{ HON. JAMES CAMPBELL, and
 York District.....HON. THOMAS FULLBROOK.
 Cumberland.....NATHANIEL HOBBS, Esq.
 Lincoln.....REV. JOSHUA TAYLOR.
 Kennebec.....STEPHEN PARSONS, Esq.
 Oxford.....HON. JAMES PARKER.
 Hanc. & Wash.HON. BENJAMIN CHANDLER.
 Somers. & Penob.HON. JEREMIAH O'BRIEN.
 Bremen.HON. DAVID KIDDER.

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 CALCULATIONS ON THE PRSIDENTY.

The following is said to be the probable manner in which the electors will vote. (Those States which are left blank, have not been heard from—at least, not so as to warrant any statement.)

No. of Elected.	Adams.	Congdon.	Jackson.	Clegg.
Maine,	9	9	0	0
New-Hampshire,	6	0	0	0
Massachusetts,	15	15	0	0
Rhode Island,	4	4	0	0
Connecticut,	8	8	0	0
Vermont,	7	7	0	0
New York,	26	25	4	0
New-Jersey,	3	0	8	0
Pennsylvania,	28	0	28	0
Delaware,	3	1	0	0
Maryland,	11	3	1	7
Virginia,	24	0	24	0
North Carolina,	15			
South Carolina,	11			
Georgia,	9	0	9	0
Kentucky,	14			
Tennessee,	11			
Ohio,	16	0	0	16
Indiana,	5			
Illinois,	2			
Missouri,	3			
Mississippi,	8			
Louisiana,	5			
Alabama,	5			
	261	84	40	59
	—o—o—			7

REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS. It appears, by official returns into the office of the Secretary of State, that the following gentlemen are elected Representatives to Congress:

Oxford.....HON. ENOCH LINCOLN.
 York.....HON. WILLIAM BURLEIGH.
 Cumberland.....HON. JOHN ANDERSON.
 Hanc. & Wash.HON. JEREMIAH O'BRIEN.
 Somer. & Penob.HON. DAVID KIDDER.

In Lincoln and Kennebec Districts there is no choice.

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 CONCENTRATION OF TRADE.

We perceive by the *Eastern Chronicle*, published at Gardiner, that the trade of the Kennebec begins to centre at Portland. This is what might rationally be expected—and we feel glad that the merchants on the Kennebec, as well as in other parts of the State, are giving encouragement to our home markets. It must eventually be not only better for them, but will serve to increase the business of Portland in proportion as she finds her demands more numerous. And we believe, that, in a very few years, should the wholesale merchants in Portland pursue a right course, there will be but very few purchases made in Boston, by traders from this State.

THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,

Held by Chief Justice WILSON, closed its November session, in this town, on Saturday last. The Court and Juries were actively employed during the week, and much business was disposed of. It is pleasing to remark, that, while in many of our Counties crime seems to abound, in this, the Grand Jury returned only five presentments, and those were for minor offences.

The increase of business and population of this County evidently require an additional term

of the Court of Common Pleas, as well as S. J. Court. Petitions for that object were circulated and signed, at this term, by many respectable citizens, and will be presented to the Legislature in January next.

The second session of the 18th Congress commences on Monday, the 6th inst. Hon. ENOCH LINCOLN, the member for this District, left town for Washington on Thursday last.

Below is given the number of Snows that fell in the several years named, from fall to spring. We have omitted, however, the month of September, as there has been but one snow therein during the period mentioned, which occurred in 1823.

Oct. Nov. Dec. Jan. Feb. Mar. Apr. May June

Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June
1812 1	8	18	13	9	10	5	0	0
1813 7	5	11	11	14	11	4	2	0
1814 2	6	11	12	9	11	3	3	3
1815 6	11	10	13	15	9	2	0	0
1816 2	7	10	14	13	9	2	0	0
1817 6	14	16	12	9	10	0	0	0
1818 2	3	11	15	11	16	7	0	0
1819 3	5	12	12	10	11	3	1	1
1820 3	6	14	11	15	11	9	1	1
1821 1	19	16	13	10	9	9	1	3
1822 3	9	10	13	12	15	4	3	3
1823 2	11	14	14	9	9	6	2	2

The following is the depth of the Snow that fell in the interval between September and June of the respective years mentioned:

Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June
1820 9	3	0	3	12	12	7	12	12
1821 6	5	12	12	12	12	7	12	12
1822 8	7	12	12	12	12	7	12	12
1823 6	0	3	12	12	12	7	12	12

Union of Papers. The "Boston Recorder," and "Boston Telegraph," after the first of January next, are to be united, and published under the name of the "Recorder and Telegraph," and continue under the direction of the present editors, Mr. WILLIS and Mr. HADLOCK.—*S. Gaz.*

A new religious and political paper is to be commenced at Amherst, N. H. on the first of January, to be called the Amherst Herald, and to be published by Messrs. Wells & Seaton. It will advocate Unitarian principles.

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 NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

The publisher of this paper proposes to his poetical correspondents and others, to give the *Oxford Observer* for one year, commencing the first week in January next, for the best written *New Year's Address*, for this paper. It would be desirable that the address should be accompanied with the real name of the author, with directions for the disposal of the same, should it be rejected. It must be legibly written, and directed (post paid) to the editor or publisher of the *Observer*, by the twenty-fifth inst.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THANKSGIVING.

The world affords, perhaps, no holiday which is looked for with such pleasing anticipations as the *Thanksgiving* in *New England*. It is emphatically a day of devotion and innocent recreation. The sire, the son, the haughty, the humble, the farmer and mechanic—all meet its approach with feelings of rapture. It is a devoutly jubilee, whose enjoyment is marred by no party feelings, by no sectarian feuds. On this day, the Federalist, the Republican, the Trinitarian and Unitarian, can all set down at the same sumptuous board, and equally enjoy its approach with feelings of rapture. It is a mutual cessation of all discord and hostility. The tug of life—the busy din and bustle of business, are hushed for the day; and even inanimate creation seems to put on a look of gladness. The active motion—the busy air—the anxious look—are all cast off; and a smile of complacency rests on every countenance.—To the laborious and industrious yankee, it is a day of sunshine, amidst a year of storms and clouds—a day of peace and harmony, after an annual round of bustle and confusion.

Till now, hope and fear has chequered the season with spots of sunshine and storm. Prospects of plenty and want alternately brighten and dampen the hopes of the farmer during the summer and autumnal seasons. A warm and plenteous shower, at one time, excites his drooping spirits almost to raptures; at another, the shivering frown of the North depresses them almost to despondency. Now fancy paints his granaries loaded with the golden harvests of plenty; again, his prospects darken, and grim want stands frowning at his door. Like the grand landscape of nature, when the summer clouds in swift succession intercept and admit upon it the rays of the sun, the hopes and fears of the agriculturist brighten and darken as his prospects are flattering and desponding. In the full height of his golden anticipations, he is well aware that the *first* *bore* of winter may whiten his fields and blast his harvests. Thus he is constantly tossed by the ebb and flow of solicitude and anxiety, till the harvest-moon of autumn bids him enlarge his storehouses to receive the bounteous gifts of Providence. A spontaneous flow of praise and thanksgiving then gushes from his heart; his anxieties have subsided; his toil is past; the season of social recreation and enjoyment is approaching. He looks upon the day of *Thanksgiving* as the termination of the year's troubles and disquietude; the companion of the social feelings and social joys. He hails it as a glad era in the revolution of the seasons; and whether Deity pours out his riches bounteously or sparingly, we welcome its approach. On this glad festival of the nobler feelings, the viperous tongue of slander is mute; hostility marches with arms reversed; resentment smooths his wrinkled front; and green-eyed jealousy beams with half a smile of friendship. The sire, whose head is whitened with the frost of three score years, gathers to his board

the whole cadering circle of kindred, and bestows upon his children, and children's children, the benedictions of a fond parent. Let monarchs celebrate the birth day of their King, or the Musselman his more than barbarous victories—the son of New England will ever cherish with delight his autumnal holiday, instituted and consecrated by his persecuted forefathers.

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RECENT FOREIGN ITEMS.

London papers.—We have London files and lists to the 10th October.—*B. Cent.*

The British revenue contained on the increase, and every indication of national prosperity appeared undiminished.

The order of the British High Commissioner in the Ionian Islands, for the forcible protection of English commerce against the Greek decree on the subject of neutrals carrying supplies for the Turks, excited much newspaper comment. But a similar order had been issued by Austria to protect their vessels. It does not appear that the Greeks had carried their severe decree into execution; and our *Smyrna* letters mention, that no English or French vessels were engaged in carrying supplies for the Turks. What is most complained of in the Greek decree is the order to destroy the crews of the vessels.

Everything remained permanent in France under the new reign. *Charles X.* is very well calculated to unite all hearts. He appeared to lose no opportunity to express his good feelings. When the famous Gen. *Ereelman* appeared to congratulate the King, on his accession to the throne, he said, "General! Forget all that has passed. The only thing which I wish to remember is, that when *Bonaparte* ordered you to pursue me, you fixed on a different road to that which I took." This General was peculiarly obnoxious to the Bourbons for the part he took on the return of Napoleon from Elba; and when he commanded the cavalry. He was one of those banished by the decree of July, 1815.—He was tried *par contumaciam* that year, and was outlawed. But he afterwards explained his conduct in a *Mémoire* and was permitted to return to France in 1819. His conduct afterwards was so correct that he was appointed to a high military command, and in 1822 created a Count. The King is to be crowned in May next.

Prussia, during the last year, retrenched her expenses to the amount of eight millions of crowns.

An expedition against Brazil was still talked of in Portugal; and a liberal subscription had been raised for the relief of the Brazilian refugees there.

Halifax papers to the 14th contain London dates to the 11th Oct. received there by the packet.

Brazil. Recent advices from *Pernambuco* confirm the intelligence of the complete conquest of that province by the Imperial Brazilian forces.

Liverpool, Sept. 14. Mr. *Blacquiere*, the Agent of the Greek Committee, has arrived at St. George's Creek, and has thus written to his friends in London: You have heard of the destruction of the Turkish fleet, and of the *total failure* of the *Egyptian expedition*.

A dreadful accident occurred at Manchester (Eng.) Oct. 13.—A cotton mill belonging to Mr. *Gough*, fell in and buried in its ruins all the persons within it at the time. The number was not exactly ascertained—some accounts say 60, and others 100. By one o'clock the next day, twelve dead bodies had been dug out of the rubbish. This most shocking catastrophe was attributed to the building being what was called a fire proof mill, in the construction of which iron was substituted for timber, and joined perhaps to an unsound foundation, produced the deplorable calamity—not a particle of the walls was left standing.—*Courier*.

Paris, Sept. 13.—A horrid crime has been committed at Wahperschweil, a village about two leagues from Arbois, in the Canton of Berne. A man about 60 years of age, long known for his disgusting immorality, suddenly conceived the project of going to America, and asked his wife, who she supposed had some property, to supply him with money. He also addressed a similar demand to his parish, which did not think there was any reason to sanction his emigration. On account of this double refusal he conceived a project of horrible vengeance and he executed it by fire and sword. After having murdered his wife, he resolved to reduce the village to ashes, and succeeded too well. His preparations were skilfully made, and on August 30 twenty-five houses were destroyed by fire! The criminal has not yet been apprehended.—*London paper*.

FROM TURKEY.—*B. Cent.*

Since our last paper arrived from Smyrna to the 16th September, may have arrived.—Besides verbal accounts we have received *Smyrna* papers to the 11th, and letters from a highly respectable source to the 15th of that month.

The verbal accounts say—that at the last date every thing was tranquil at Smyrna:—That the Turkish fleet, united with the Egyptian expedition, were lying wind bound in the gulf of Cos, (some 40 or 50 miles from Samos;) and that the Greek fleet, under Admiral *Miculis*, who was watching them, was at Patmos, about 20 miles N. W. of Cos:—That after the disaster which occurred to the Turkish fleet near Samos, the horde of Asiatics, which had assembled to sack that island, and who were mostly volunteers and detached militia, dispersed, and were returning home:—But that a regular army was forming in their stead: and that the Governor of Smyrna had been ordered to furnish 5000 Janissaries, to make part of it:—That the Greeks at Samos were in good spirits, and were making the utmost preparation to repulse their invaders; but that it was the general sentiment at Smyrna, that the Turks would eventually succeed in subduing the island.—*Boston Cent.*

GREEKS AND TURKS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 10. It is reported here, that on the 17th Aug. the Captain Pacha attempted to land 13,000 men on Samos; but that the expedition was attacked by 60 armed Greek ships, preceded by fire ships; and which succeeded in destroying a Turkish frigate, and many brigs and Corvettes; and in consequence of this event the camp at Scalonava was struck with panic, broke up, and took to flight. Lord *Strangeford* only waits the arrival of the Russian Ambassador, to set out on his return home.

SCALONA, Aug. 10.—For some days the Ottoman squadron was in sight of the Greek fleet, when after divers insignificant movements on both sides, the Greeks, to the number of 30 sail, advanced towards the little channel which separates Samos from the Asiatic Continent about two miles. Scarcely had the Mussulmen perceived the situation of the enemy, when they demanded, with three loud cheers, to be led to battle. Three times the Captain Pacha refused his people the permission to fight, observing to them that the position of the Greeks was advantageous, and that they would get themselves into a situation of embarrassment. This availed nothing to the Mussulmen, in their enthusiasm, threatened to mutiny, and go to battle without orders. Yielding to necessity, the High Admiral then ordered a division to advance towards the Greeks; this division soon reached in full sail the little channel. The Greeks uttered loud cries, and remained motionless at their post. Three fire ships were directed against the frigate that had the lead. The corvette took fire. The Turk by a heavy cannonade endeavored to keep off the destructive fire which is ready to consume him. All his efforts are in vain; courage must yield to necessity; the frigate is all in flames; it tacks and stands towards the Continent. On this the Turkish squadron disperses; all fly without hesitation; and the Greeks spreading all their sails pursue them. In

the midst of the general confusion the frigate blows up, a general panic prevails, and the Mussulman imagines himself already overtaken by the enemy. Some get into the open sea, others steer towards the coast, where they strand and burn their vessels. Only one Algerine brig, surrounded by the Greeks, was compelled to surrender. In this affair the Turks lost a frigate, a corvette, and two brigs. The greater part of the crews of these vessels perished.

Smyrna, Aug. 24.—Letters from Scala Nova, say that the troops which were at the foot of Mount Mycale, at the Cape called by the Turks Dib Bourouf, have wholly deserted. Part of them however, have returned to Scala Nova. Thus this army, which had hastened from the remotest parts of Nafolia to ravage Samos, has vanished in a moment.

Smyrna, Sept. 2.—It is now officially known that Athens has not fallen into the hands of the Mahometans, but it is also certain that the Turks sometimes advance up to the walls of the capital of Attica, often carrying away prisoners.

Odysseus is not gone to Morea, but to Salona, with a sum which he has received from the Provincial Government of Greece, to form a camp in that country, in order to oppose the Mussulman's forces that may advance on that side.

It was the intrepid Canaris who, in the little channel, set fire to the frigate, the corvette, and two brigs. The European Naval Officers are astonished at the courage and boldness of the Greek mariners.

Letters from Constantinople state, that Moldavia and Wallachia are finally evacuated, that peace between Russia and the Porte is signed, and that a Russian Ambassador is shortly expected in the Turkish capital.

A school has been established at Missolonghi. M. Demetrios Paul is the director of it. This Professor has studied at Paris.

A letter post has been established between Missolonghi and Napoli di Romania.

They continue to strengthen Missolonghi.—A fortification at the entrance of the port, and which is called the Redoubt of Honor, has received the name of Byron's Redoubt. The Greeks have almost defied this distinguished Philhellene.

A school has been opened at Argos, at the expense of the government, on the plan of mutual instruction, that the youth may be brought up in those principles of Christianity, morality, and patriotism, without which there can be no rational independence.

A Gymnasium, endowed by government, is to be immediately opened at Napoli di Romania.

A society of literary men formed an Academy, which will be specially employed with the improvements of agriculture in Greece.

Capt. Batchelder, arrived at this port last week, from Smyrna, in 63 days, reports that when he left every thing remained quiet; that the Turkish fleet was in the neighborhood of Samos, and the Turkish army remained in their encampment at Scala Nova. No attack had been made on Samos at the last dates; but the Turks were making every preparation for it; and the Greeks were also as busily employed in preparation for their defence; still, however, it was generally supposed the place would fall into the possession of the Turks.—*Bos. W. Messenger*, of Nov. 25.

From *Pernambuco*.—Captain Austin arrived at this port, from *Pernambuco*, brings information that on the 18th August, Lord *Cochrane*, with several frigates and transports, from Rio Janeiro, appeared off *Pernambuco*, and on the 7th September landed about 2000 troops under the command of General *Leamer*, about one mile south of *Pernambuco*. They were met on their way to the city, by the inhabitants who fought the Emperor's troops with great bravery for five days, during which about 500 marines and sailors were landed from the fleet under Com. *Jewett*. The *Pernambucianos* were at last overpowered, and made good their retreat to *Olinda*, (which place they held possession of at the last date,) while General *Leamer* and his troops marched into the city, and he had quiet possession of it when the Admiral sailed.

To the Editor of the London Monthly Magazine.

PAUL JONES. I can add some little to your information on the subject of Paul Jones. That little is authentic; and moreover I am enabled to give you an original account (from his first, and indeed only lieutenant) of the action with the Serapis, the Gazette account of which appeared in your last number.

In the year 1801, two of the largest frigates in the world lay near each other in the Bay of Gibraltar. It was a question which was the largest. Some gave it that the American President (Commodore Dale) had it in length and the Portuguese Carlotta (Commodore Duncan) in breadth. Each commander had a wish to survey the vessel of the other, and yet these gentlemen could never be brought together.

There was a shyness as to who should pay the first visit.

"There is no more punctilious observer of etiquette than a naval commander, jealous of the honor of his flag, on a foreign station.

A master of ceremonies, or a king at arms, is nothing to him at a match of precedence. The wings of a ship are the college in which he obtains this polite acquirement, and when he comes to run up his pennant, we may be sure that a very professor in the courtesies flouts upon the quarter deck.

Dale was a good humored fellow, a square strong set man, rather inclined to corpulence, jolly and hospitable. His pride in the command and discipline of his squadron, and the dignity of his diplomatic function, as the paramount of his nation in the Mediterranean, formed very gentle bridle on his easy intercourse and open-heartedness.

Now he thought that the Portuguese Comodoro should "call *versus*," (Parson *Trulibet* has it so) as having been earliest in the station. This was mentioned to Duncan, (a fine hard bitten little old seaman by the way) and he forthwith laid down his punctilio in a manner that put an end to all hopes of an intimacy, or a friendly measurement of the two ships.

"Sir," said he, "as Commodore Duncan, of the Portuguese navy, I would readily call first upon Commodore Dale, of the American navy; but as Lieutenant Duncan, of the British navy, I cannot call upon a gentleman who served under a pirate, Paul Jones."

This awoke my curiosity, and the next time I was in company with Commodore Dale, he perceiving that my conversation led that way, readily met me in it. He had been with Jones in the Ranger, as well as in the Bon Homme Richard.

What follows is from his recital.

Paul Jones wanted, (as the Bow-street runners say) Lord *Selkirk*, to try upon him the experiment practising on President *Laurens* in the

Tower; and, if *Laurens* had suffered, Lord *Selkirk*, or any other great man they could get hold of, would have been put to death. Lord *Selkirk* was only preferred as being considered by his supposed residence to be the readiest for capture. Jones was surprised and disengaged at the family plate being brought on board, but the returning it would have been too serious a displeasure to his crew. It was sold by public auction at Cadiz, bought in by Jones and sent back as we have known.

Commodore Dale thus related the action with the Serapis. The "Bon Homme Richard" was an old East Indiaman, bought and fitted out at a French port, and so christened out of compliment to Franklin, then in Paris, one of whose instructive tales is conveyed under such a title.

Having originally no ports in her lower deck, six were broken out (three on a side) and fitted with six French eleven pounder guns. On the upper deck she had twenty-four or twenty-six of smaller calibre. She had a numerous crew, to which were added some recruits of the Irish brigade commanded by a lieutenant—now a general officer in the British service.

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between Russia and the Porte is signed, and that a Russian Ambassador is shortly expected in the Turkish capital.

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In this vessel, with the Alliance, American frigate of 36 guns, (a fine regular ship of war) and the frigate Pallas, French frigate, of 32, Paul Jones started on a marauding expedition, only differing from that of Whitehaven as being on a larger scale. It was his intention to amerce our north-eastern ports in heavy pecuniary ransoms, or to destroy the shipping and buildings as far as could be effected. He had intelligence, or believed so, of the exact number of troops stationed in these different places. Leith was the first great object. Entering the Frith they seized upon a Scotch fishing boat. The owner was refractory; but they terrified him into the office of pilot. The wind became adverse; they reached Inchkeith; but could not weather it, and had to stand out again. Making the land next to visit Whitby and Hull, they fell in with a large convoy, which dispersed while the ships of war (Serapis, 44, Capt. Pearson, and Piercy, 20 guns, Capt. Piercy) which protected it, stood right out to engage them. The determination was mutual; there was a deal of hailing from the Serapis to the really strange ship which approached her. They closed, and the Bon Homme, by Jones' order, was made fast to the Serapis. While these were thus closely engaged, the Alliance worked round the two ships, pouring in raking broadsides, which Paul Jones finding equally injurious to his own ship, as intended for the Serapis, put an end to by ordering the Alliance off, and she lay by during the rest of the action, while the Pallas was engaged with the British sloop of war. The cannonade was to the advantage of the Serapis, and gradually silenced the fire of the Bon Homme. The latter wished and expected once to be boarded; the British boarders were about to enter, but returned deterred at the superior number lying waiting for them, and purposely concealed as far as might be under the gangway. Lieut. Dale, on going below, found two of the three guns on the fighting side silenced, and the crew of the other vying with the crew of a British gun opposite, which should fire first. The British were quickest, and that gun was knocked over also. He returned slightly wounded and much fatigued to the upper deck, and was seated on the windlass, when the explosion which blew up the upper deck of the Serapis all ast from the main hatchway, gave the victory to the Bon Homme. For this success they were indebted to the officer and party of their marines. Seated out on the yard, grenades were handed along, dropped by the officer into the hatchway of the Serapis, and at last caught to some ammunition.

Paul Jones crippled and afflicted with the gout, was seated during the affair in a chair on the quarter deck. Dale boarded the Serapis with a few men. As he made his way up he saw a solitary person leaning on the rail in a melancholy posture, his face resting upon his hands. It was Captain Pearson. He said to Dale, "the ship has struck." While hurrying him on an officer came from below and observed to Capt. Pearson, that the ship alongside was going down. "We have got three guns clear, sir; and they'll soon send her to the devil." The Captain replied, "It's too late, sir, call the men off, the ship has struck." I'll go below, sir, and call them off immediately; and he was about to descend, when Dale interfering said, "No, sir, if you please you'll come on board with me." Dale told me, that if he had let that officer go below he feared that he would have sunk them, as the Bon Homme was old, settling in the water, and in fact went to the bottom that night.

Paul Jones was in Commodore Dale's opinion, a very skillful, enterprising officer, but harsh and overbearing in disposition.

He was afterwards, as your correspondent in the last number has related, taken into the service of the Empress of Russia, and was to have had an important command against the Turks.

Greig, however, and the British officers in her service, memorialised against it. They would neither associate nor serve with him, and, if he had not got rid of him, would have left her fleet.

Wherever Paul Jones was born, I have understood, from what I thought good authority, that he was an apprentice in a coal vessel, in the employ of Mr. Wilson at Whitehaven. It is told of him, that, quarrelling with a fellow apprentice, he took an opportunity to anoint the lad's head with a tar brush, and then set it on fire.

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MISCELLANIES.

From the United States' Gazette.

THE MAGDALEN.

I know the world derides my claim,
To healing pity and protection;
I know that to the child of shame,
It turns no look of kind affection.
For well I know the bitter scoff
That grieves the hapless female ever;
The cold and selfish cast her off,
To soothe her and reclaim her never.
The world that gives its ready smile,
Applying to the gay deceiver,
Abhors her, who a prey to guile,
Was a too faithful, fond believer.
Yet there is gladness for my need,
And balm too for this bosom's anguish;
For he who marks the bruised reed,
Will never bid the wounded languish.
Be still, my heart!—away, ye fears!
Tempests which have my spirit driven;
Even him that look'd on Mary's tears,
Hath whispered, “thou, too, art forgiven!”

MINGUILLO.

Since for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling!
Give me back my kiss, I pray.
If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may;
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have naught to say.
Do—she keeps so great a pothe,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;
Do my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.
Upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take,
Give me back the two my darling!
Give me them—for mother's sake!

From the Concord, (N. H.) *Monthly Literary Journal*. The following is a poetical description of the Trees in New-England, written in 1839:
Trees both in hills and plains in plenty be,
The long-lived oak, and mournful cypress—
Sky-lowering pines, and chestnuts coated rough,
The lasting cedar, with the walnut tough;
The rose-dropping fir, for mats in use;
The boatmen seek for oars, light neat grown spruce;
The brittle ash, the ever-trembling asp,
The broad-spread elm, whose concave harbors wasps;
The water-spongy alders, good for naught,
Small elms by the Indian fletchers sought;
The knotty maple, pallid birch, hawthorns,
The horn-bound tree that to the cloven scorns,
Wh'o twines embracing arms about his boughs.
Within this Indian orchard fruits be some,
The ruddy cherry, and the jetty plum;
Snake-muttering hazel, with sweet saxaphore,
Whose spurs in beer allays hot fever's rage;
The dear shuanas, with more trees there be,
That are both good to use, and rare to see.

From the Catskill Recorder.

THE THUNDER-PROOF CASTLE.

Some forty years ago, the first frame house was raised in a pleasant little town on the Connecticut, by a Mr. Flint, who with his newly wedded partner, began their fortunes in it, with as fair prospects of happiness, perhaps, as any family in all New-Hampshire. Mr. and Mrs. Flint were not of that class who find solid enjoyment alone in the depths of science, nor of that order who see happiness only in the round of audience. They were both illiterate and poor. The ideal happiness, not only of individuals but of families, and even great nations is often overthrown by a single breath of wind. So it did with the Flint family. They had not inhabited their new dwelling quite a year when an incident trifling in itself, threw a gloom over their lives, and transformed a smiling couple into the melancholy devotees of sorrow.

It was a pleasant day in the month of June, and the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Flint, a hired laborer and a servant girl, were on the point of sitting down to dinner, a rap was heard at the door. At the customary answer “Wallin,” the door opened and a hideously deformed old woman made her appearance, and seated herself. The novelty of a fortune-teller unluckily drew an unguarded expression from the wife, while at table, at which, it is presumed, the old Sybil was secretly offended; it may be seen in the sequel, that it proved a fruitful source of trouble to the family for many years.

Driver being ready and an opportunity offered to consult their oracle, they by turns passed the examination of the fortune-teller, and received their future destinies from her lips; but as none of them have any bearing upon our story but Mrs. Flint's, we will not presume to unfold the bill of fate, rather than our present purpose demands.

“In less than one year,” said the old hag, “you will give birth to a son. He will be a very bright and promising child, and when he is 13 years, five months and eight days old, he will be killed by lightning.” The year rolled round and brought with it the joy that usually accompanies such a boon. From the day of his birth Henry Flint, (for so he was named) was nursed with many an anxious sigh, and was the subject of many a direful dream. Had any accident befallen him, or had he been of a dull and sterile mind, the credit of the prediction would have lost ground, and his parents might then have rested in peace. But it was not so. He was of a quick and penetrating genius, and discovered very early, stability of judgement far above his age. He was always healthy, cheerful and fortunate, and these circumstances, which ought to awake the gratitude of parents, only made his more wretched, as they seemed so completely to accord with the augury of the old fortune-teller.—Henry was placed at a Grammar school, and no pains were spared to fit him for the sacred desk; a place to which his early piety and natural capacity seemed to destiny hian.

By his persevering activity, he found the

cause of the melancholy that hung over his parents' enjoyments; but he manifested a total disregard of such predictions, which his better judgment and education had taught him to despise. He strove with all his ingenuity to convert them to reason, and omitted no opportunity to bring the inventions of such gypsies into ridicule.—But the day was fast approaching; and he had already entered the nineteenth year without any other fruit of his labors than a deeper and more constant gloom on the minds of Farmer Flint and his wife.—Having found fruitless all his attempts to bring the bug-bear from their imaginations, he desisted, with a firm determination to think no more about it. Many were the counsels and consultations at Farmer Flint's cottage, to devise ways and means to ward off the bolts of fate.—It was at last determined to build a retreat, or castle, if we may so call it, which should be proof against the destructive element, and on the fatal day, to lead him in there for his safety.—This was to be built, without any regard to expense, of such materials as has been proved by observation to escape the effects of lightning, and on the lowest spot of ground near the cottage. And Henry had so far consented to this plan as to let them go on without ridicule; for hitherto he had ridiculed every foolish whim, as far as decency to his parents would allow.

The trying day at last came. Mr. Flint's family arose, after a sleepless night, and found their morning unusually fine and pleasant.—To avoid being laughed at, they said very little of the expected disaster, and dinner came without a single sign of war in the elements.—The mother smiled at table, perhaps the first time for weeks: and they all now began to entertain doubts of the veracity of fortune-tellers; but they dare not express, or hardly silently cherish a hope that the day would be sorrowless. The workmen had returned to the meadow, the clock had struck three, and Madame Flint had become almost sociable, when the uneventful roll of thunder was heard echoing over the distant hills; a few dark clouds had united, and by their frowning and growling, threatened a tremendous shower. The father came in, sat down, but said not a word. Every countenance was dark, as if it had become a mirror to the darkening skies. Henry alone was undaunted; his countenance was like an angel, or any being that fears not death. His sister, united with their mother, and with all the entreaties they were capable of framing, besought him to fly to the castle for safety. But he was now fixed in a resolution not to stir a step.

The storm was now drawing near very fast, the lightning became more vivid every gleam, and the increasing roar of thunder was mingled with the rushing sound of the rain in the distant forest, when the amiable youth took his bible in his hand, and walked straight into the open field. The distressed souls in the cottage hardly knew where they were, until the thunder came so frequently and loud that they began to tremble for their own safety. “Why did we not go into the thunder house,” said little Sophia, as pale as death, “the thunder will strike the house and—” She did not finish her sentence, for a tremendous volley of thunder filled the room, apparently, with liquid fire, and seemed to sunder the very foundation of the earth by its report.

The storm had spent its force, and the rain had ceased almost instantly. The sun broke out, and all nature by her smiles seemed willing to avert for her recent frowns, and the thunder died away like an evening echo, through the surrounding forest. The despairing group in the house were invited to their seats in suspense—no one daring to stir, fearing to be the first to behold the corps of the dear Henry. They sat fearfully gazing at each other till Henry opened the door, saying with a smile, “Your thunder-proof Castle is a fine defence: the lightning has dashed it to atoms.” They all ran to see, and it was so. Farmer Flint turned on his heel, and went to his work. He was never known to say a word of it afterwards, unless first prompted to it; and the whole family, Henry excepted, although they were too well bred to be angry, never heard with satisfaction or complacency the name of the “Thunder proof Castle.”

TRICK OF A FRENCH QUACK.

A gentleman after having ruined his fortune by extravagance, beforesought himself of turning quack. He attempted it in Paris, without success, and then directed his views to the provinces. He arrived at Lyons and announced himself as “the celebrated Dr. Mancaccini who can restore the dead to life;” and he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the church yard, and excite a general resurrection.

This declaration excited violent murmurings against the Doctor, who, not the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrates, and requested he might be put under guard, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The preposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult Dr. Mancaccini, and purchase his Beams de Vie.

As the period for the performance of this miracle approached, the anxiety of the inhabitants of Lyons increased. At length he received the following letter from a rich citizen: “The great operation, Doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a widow: and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven do not make the experiment; I will give you 50 louis to keep your secret to yourself.”

In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, and with most earnest applications, entreated the Doctor not to revive their old father, for

merly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an advent they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of 60 louis, but the doctor shook his head in a doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the Doctor, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy; in short, the Doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the Doctor, and said, “Sir, I have the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but, I pray you to observe, that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you therefore not to attempt, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eyewitnesses of your power.”

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr. Mancaccini went to work new miracles in some other city.

Parisian Gambling.—In this country we can form no idea of the depravity of European capitals. Paris contains no fewer than nine gambling houses, probably licensed by the Bourbon Government, which pay a tax in the course of a year of £250,000, or considerably over a million of dollars. The amount of capital, which sets in motion the whole number of these places, is computed equal to £30,000. *Rouge et noir roulette*, and hazard are the only games played. The two principal gambling houses are the “Salon” and the “Prescari,” the rest being principally situated in the Palais Royal. At the former place there is a gratuitous dinner weekly, and at the Prescari a number of fine ladies are nightly introduced to decoy the senses of the wretches who frequent the place. The gambling houses in the Palais Royal are open night and day, and any one who has the disposition may enter their doors. But in the former only persons of rank are admitted. It is said that in one year the proprietor of one of these places netted a profit of £20,000 sterling.

AMUSEMENT.

A Quaker residing at Paris, was waited on by four workmen usually employed by him, having for their objects to make their compliments to him and ask for their new year's gift.

“Well, my friends,” said the Quaker, “here are your gifts—choose fifteen francs or the like.” “I don't know how to read,” said the first, “so I'll take the 15 francs.” “I can read,” said the second, “but I have pressing wants.”

He, therefore, took the fifteen francs; the third also made the same choice, and the fourth, being a lad of thirteen, the Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness, “Wilt thou too take these three pieces, which thou mayest obtain at any time by industry?” “As you say the book is so good, I will take it and read it to my mother.” He took the book, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung their heads and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

Curious Will.—In the year 1724, Justice Norman of Norwich, by his will, directed that the sum of £4000, should be given to build a charity school, 60 years after his decease. The school to contain 120 bays, and he directed that every boy should on Sunday have a pound of roast beef to his dinner, and ten ounces of plum pudding to his supper—on Monday, a pound of boiled beef for his dinner, and ten ounces of suet pudding for his supper—and every Tuesday morning, beef broth for breakfast, and at dinner a pound of mutton or veal—every Wednesday, pork and peas—every Tuesday, mutton or veal—every Friday, beans or peas—and every Saturday, fish well buttered. There were a number of curious items; and he appointed the Bishop, the Chancellor, the Dean, the two Members for the county, and eight worthy Churchmen besides, to be his perpetual trustees. The term of the donation having expired, the original legacy, with simple and compound interest, amounted to £74,000.—*London, pap.*

Singular Births.—The Richmond Compiler states that a negro woman, belonging to a gentleman of that city, has brought forth, within thirteen months, five children, of different sexes and colors. She had three at one birth, a girl and two boys; “the girl is of a mulatto color—one of the boys has the yellow tinge and the glossy hair of the Indian—the other, the jet black and woolly hair of the negro. She and her husband are blacks.”

Lawyers.—According to the “Asiatic Researches,” a very curious mode of trying the title of lands is practiced in Hindostan; two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the client and not the lawyer who puts his foot into it.

A German Laborer was in the habit of calling on his landlord for his customary morning beverage—a gill of bitters, but could not be persuaded to leave the tap, until he had got a second ration. One morning, with more courage, but less patience he exclaimed: “You landlord make me take too pites for my Cherry, kiff me too chills at one time, val signify keep trop, trop all teat.”

The building of a certain theatre having been stopped awhile for want of funds, some wag passing by wrote with chalk on the gate of the enclosure, “the devil turned bankrupt.”

A person glancing his eye over the ingenious leading article in the last week's Liverpool Mercury, on the subject of canine madness, observed, with evident concern, “So the Mercury has gone to the dogs at last!”

AUCTION.

OXFORD, n. TAKEN by execution and will be sold at Public Auction on the twenty-fifth of December next, at the dwelling house of ABIGAIL OSGOOD, in Fryeburg in said County, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right which CALIF. WARREN has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: certain tracts or parcels of Land, situate in Denmark, in said County, numbered forty, forty-two, fifty-two, and fifty-five near the foot of Pleasant Mountain.—Also, Lot numbered one, second part on which said Warren's house stands, and Lot numbered three on which his house formerly stood.—The above named Lots are estimated to contain four hundred and forty acres, described as the same more or less.

Said described real estate is mortgaged to secure the payment of two hundred seventy one dollars and five cents—as appears by said Warren's mortgage deed to Oliver Griswold and James Weston, dated December first eighteen hundred and eighteen. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

A. MCMILLAN, Deputy Sheriff.

Fryeburg, November 20th, 1824.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, n. TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Auction on Monday the twentieth day of December next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling house of William Morse, Jun. Inn-holder in Waterford, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which ROBERT HASKINS has in and to the following described mortgaged Real Estate, lying and being in Waterford in said County, and bounded as follows, viz: beginning at a certain stake and stones standing on the southerly side of the road, one rod east of the burying place, and runs eastwardly on the southerly line of said road fifteen rods, to a stake and stones; thence running south twenty-five degrees, east forty-three rods, to land owned by Josiah Dudley; thence running a westerly course on said Dudley's line fifteen rods, to a stake and stones; from thence to the first mentioned bounds. Said piece of land contains by estimation, four acres and five square rods, to be the same more or less. The above described real estate is mortgaged to the Trustees of Bridgton Academy to secure the payment of fifty dollars and interest.—As per record of said mortgage deed, Book 6th, page 141, and 142. The interest on said fifty dollars has been paid up to about this time.

DAVID POTTER, Deputy Sheriff.

Waterford, Nov. 19, 1824.

HORACE SEASER,

Chambers over Nos. 1 and 3, Mitchell's Building, PORTLAND, (Entrance at No. 2)

HAS JUST RECEIVED, on consignment, a large assortment of American, English, French, and India GOODS—such as:

Bales brown SHIRTING and SHEETING; Do. Bleached do. do; Do. Washington TICKING; Do. Northbridge and Wrentham do; Do. PLAIDS, STRIPES and CHECKS; Do. COTTON YARN, all numbers; Do. BATTING, for Comforters; 70 Pieces SATINNETS, blue, drab and mixed; 30 do. BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES; 50 do. FLANNELS, assorted colors; 150 do. BOMBAZETTS, assorted colors, fig'd and plain; 100 do. American CALICOES; 200 do. English do. do. 4-4 French do.

German and Flag Handkerchiefs.—Cotton Flags, and Madras do; Merino, silk and cotton Shawls; Black, blue and green silk Velvet; Black fig'd Velvet and silk Vesting; Valentia do; Cravat Plaids; Black sewing Silk; Boxes Gauze; Fig'd Plaids; and Taffeta Ribbon; Gauze; 100 gross Fancy Silk Buttons; Black, Sarsnetts; Green Plaids; Black, Drab and Green Levantines; Pearl Striped and Fig'd Gros de Naples; Sewing Cotton, all numbers and colors; Boxes Cotton Balls; Knit Writing Cottons; 300 gross Glass and Metal Buttons; Writing, Wrapping, Printing, Sheathing and Bonnet Paper; Binder's and Bandbox Boards; Looking Glasses; Men's Women's and Children's Moccasins and Leather SHOES; which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please.

Oct. 30.

COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz:

In FRYEBURG.
Lot 44, 1st Division, 50 acres;
“ 22, 2nd do. 54 do.
“ 10, 3d do. 50 do.
“ 18, 5th do. about 75 do.

In LIVERMORE.

Lot 70, 100 acres. Lot 149, 100 acres.

In RUMFORD.
Lot 16, 1st Division, 80 acres;
“ 38, 2nd do. 100 do.
“ 47, 3d do. 148 do.

In JAY.

Lot 8, 13th range, 100 acres.

In BETHEL.

Lot 19, 9th range, 100 acres.
“ 13, 10th “ 100 “

PRENTISS MELLEN, Agent.

Portland, Nov. 1, 1824.

3rd

NEW GOODS...cheap.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

HAS just received, and offers for sale, at very low prices for cash,

Bombazetts, various colors and prices; Caroline and Scotch Plaids; Cassimere and Imitation Shawls; Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs; Tabby Velvets; Sylph and Lustre Silks; Nankin, Canton and Italian Crapes; Crapé Dresses; Ribbons, a large variety; French Broads; Siles and Kid Gloves; Cotton and Worsted Hose; Black and colored Cloth and Vest Buttons; cheap Coat and Vest dots; Glass and gilt Buttons; Waist Buckles; Clasps; Snaps; Hooks and Eyes, &c. &c.